

our memory will be my lullaby by JakeyFryMason011

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Summary:

*Yesterday got away
Melodies stuck inside your head
A song in every breath*

Mike Wheeler's agonizing wait.

our memory will be my lullaby

Author's Note:

I haven't done anything Mileven-centric yet--I'M SO ASHAMED. If you guys are into Alan Walker at all, I think you'd agree that this song sounds SUPER mileven. (Even if that made no sense)

Wait a second, let me catch my breath

He went often to the little places that reminded him of her. The forest, the spot where the fort had been, the La-Z Boy, Benny's. The classroom.

The cafeteria.

The others seemed to move on, seemed to want to put the whole thing behind them, Will especially.

Not Mike.

"Hello, El? This is Mike...I guess I'd try and talk to you through here in the event you hear me?"

That was Day One.

Remind me how it feels to hear your voice

Sometimes he thought he could hear her in his SuperComm, whispering his name. He was always wrong. As time went on, he got more moody and withdrew from things that used to make him happy. D&D games became less and less frequent.

Oh, how he hated himself.

He hated what he had become, and he hated what he hadn't done. He should have been there to push her from danger, he should have been better at hiding her.

He should have been *better*.

Your lips are moving, I can't hear a thing

But what could he have done?

Living life as if we had a choice.

Sometimes he fantasized about what life would be like if she were still alive. If she were right there, next to him, to smile with that odd little quirk on the corner of her mouth, to fix him with that permanently surprised expression, the glowing dark eyes. He saw her name everywhere and wrote it where he did not. A truck passed through town advertising "Eleven different flavors!" and he felt torn between the desire to laugh and to crawl into the forest and cry.

Anywhere, anytime, I would do anything for you

A woman was shown on the news, a cancer survivor, her hair cut short, and he simply stared as the news reporter talked about how the woman was using a wig in public. The screen flashed to the wig: blonde and shoulder-length. Mike left the room.

He had found the real wig in the forest by a pond. It was filthy and seemed to have been nesting for animals. He took it home, washed it, and placed it in a box of things that reminded him of her. An Eggo box, a toy dinosaur, a shirt, a watch, a rock, and now the wig.

Anything for you

"El? Are you there? It's me, Mike. Today was okay, but it would have been better if you were here."

His birthday came and went, and he pretended to be happy and smiled and his friends looked relieved. *Look, he's almost back to normal again!* their thought bubbles said.

That night he screamed into his pillow.

Yesterday got away

Indeed it had--it seemed like only a few days ago that he was in the woods, the rain pouring down his shirt, shining a beam of light in the face of a girl in a too-big shirt.

"Stop it! You're freaking her out!" "She's freaking me out!"

Melodies stuck inside your head

Was she alive? Ah, that was the question, wasn't it? She had vaporized, it seemed, but he liked to imagine there was a chance, just a chance, she lived.

It was easier to say that.

A song in every breath

Will appeared on his front step with a mix tape, and left with only the words "For her." Mike listened and cried. They were songs to remind him of Eleven.

He both hated and loved Will Byers at that moment.

Sing me to sleep now

Sing me to sleep

Oh, just sing me to sleep now

Sing me to sleep

"El, it's Mike again. I saw this butterfly today and it was all your favorite colors. And Dustin says he found a spot of dried blood from your nose on a rock. Can you believe it's still there? Please come back.

I love you."

Remember me now, time cannot erase

Someone noted a large amount of "011" scribbles in the boy's bathroom, which of course Mike had no idea about. Mr Clarke asked him where Eleanor had gone, and of course Mike didn't know.

I can hear your whispers in my mind

Was that a response?

"El?"

From the walkie talkie?

"El, is that you?"

Silence.

I've become what you cannot embrace

Nancy now called him "Emo Mike", and he shot her such a glare whenever she did that blood might as well have leaked from his nose. But there was truth because now the boy who loved everything now found solace in nothing. The smile was gone, the child was broken, the dream was dead.

Our memory will be my lullaby

Before he went to sleep every night, he imagined her sitting on his floor, whispering "Sweet dreams, Mike." Every night. And every night, he dreamed of a black landscape and pools of shallow water, and a girl in the distance. She walked towards him, and he ran, and they might have touched but for the morning light shattering the dark.

Sing me to sleep now

Sing me to sleep

Oh, just sing me to sleep now

Sing me to sleep.

"El, it's Mike. I just wanted to say that...I miss you. I miss you..."